

THE  
Jesuites Lamentation,  
FOR THE  
DISCOVERY  
Of their two late PLOTS,  
OF THE  
APPRENTICES  
AND THE  
Irish Massacre.

Printed: 8. May. 1680

A las! what Trust in Devil, or in Pope!  
Sandy Foundations, both betray our Hope,  
How oft the first has promised us to quell,  
The English Hereticks, with force from Hell;  
Yet still we've seen him baff'd, made a Fool,  
And all his Plots turn'd into Ridicule.  
I doubt he never will be trusted more,  
But by some ugly Witch, or pocky Whore,  
And for a silly Cully now must pass,  
Since Luxemburg has prov'd him such an Ass.  
And very little signifies, we see  
The Popes admitted Infallibility.  
How oft as he assur'd us we should thrive,  
And Hereticks like Chaff, before us drive?  
Us and our great Designs how oft hath blest?  
And with delusive Hopes has us possess;  
Yet though the Pope and Devil both agree,  
Trusting the one's Infallibility,  
And much confiding in the other's Power,  
Our Friends are still lock'd up within the Tower.  
And to our Cost in spite of Hell and Pope,  
Some of us have been nooz'd with fatal Rope.  
Like a Colossus strutting we did stand,  
With Footting firm, and fixt in either Land, }  
And strid from London, to the Irish Strand.  
Assured now, to make our Power known,  
And two great Kingdoms to have overthrown:  
By new made Plots, fine Trains, and deep Designs,  
When we were just about to spring our Mines,  
Great Brittain's watchful Genius step'd between,  
Who stood as Guardian of the Land unseen,  
In spite of Devil, Pope, and all our Skill,  
Upon our wretched Heads has turn'd the Ill.

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Has cut our strong and fine spun thrid in twain,  
 And once more rendred our *Attempts* in Vain.  
 Since *Hell* nor *Pope* can't help us at dead lift,  
 And that we've almost now try'd every *shift*,  
 With diligence, with hazard, and with Care,  
 We now may hang our selves through sad despair  
 Our *Cause* is fallen, spite of *Hell* and *Pope*,  
 We hop'd a *Crown*, but we have caught a *Rope*.  
 What shall we do, now *Hell* and *Pope* do fail,  
 Must we like Cowards on the *Cause* turn tail?  
 Like beaten *Soldiers* out of Breath retire,  
 And leave our mighty *Hopes* bogg'd in the Mire?  
 O no, we are not such poor spirited *Elves*,  
 We'l trust nor *Hell* nor *Pope*, but to our selves :  
 We plainly see now, that they *both* were *Fools*,  
 And may learn *Wit* and *breeding* in our *Schools*.  
 We will not thus give hopeful *England* o're,  
 We will endeavour still : hatch one *Plot* more,  
 And such a one as certainly shan't fail,  
 Joyn *Fox's Head*, to *Lions Paw* and *Tail*. (harms,  
 We'l lap no more, from thence have sprung our  
 Our next Attempt shall be by force of *Arms*.  
 For little *Godfreys* wee'l no longer Angle,  
 But Cut the *Heretick* Throat we cannot strangle.  
 And quickly change the Catterwauling Notes,  
 Of *Dugdale*, *Bedlow*, *Smith*, and *Praunce*, & *Oats*.  
 The *Bugbear's* gon, that mighty Cat of Prey,  
 The little Mice will now begin to play,  
 Who are of very quick and eager Scent,  
 And now may nibble Cheese of *Government*.  
 The greater *Rats* shall stand more in Awe,  
 Of nimble *Cat*, arm'd with a scratching Paw.  
 A stinking *Blast*, from filthy *Bum* has spread,  
 And thorow *Nostrils* fum'd into ev'ry Head,  
 So rank, so strong, and stinking now it grows, }  
 Snult up into every *silly foolish* *Nose*, }  
 Who snuffle with this *Jesuettick* Pose, }  
 That now our *Plots* they never more can smell,  
 Should they of *Powder* stink, as rank as *Hell*.  
 Once more all Hands, let us now stoutly try,  
 To set up *Mass*, or bravely *Martyrs* dye :  
 For if we fail, they'll say 'twas bravely striven,  
 What should we fear, *Tyburn's* the Gate to *Heav'n*